

Turkey Soars Above the Eagle Today

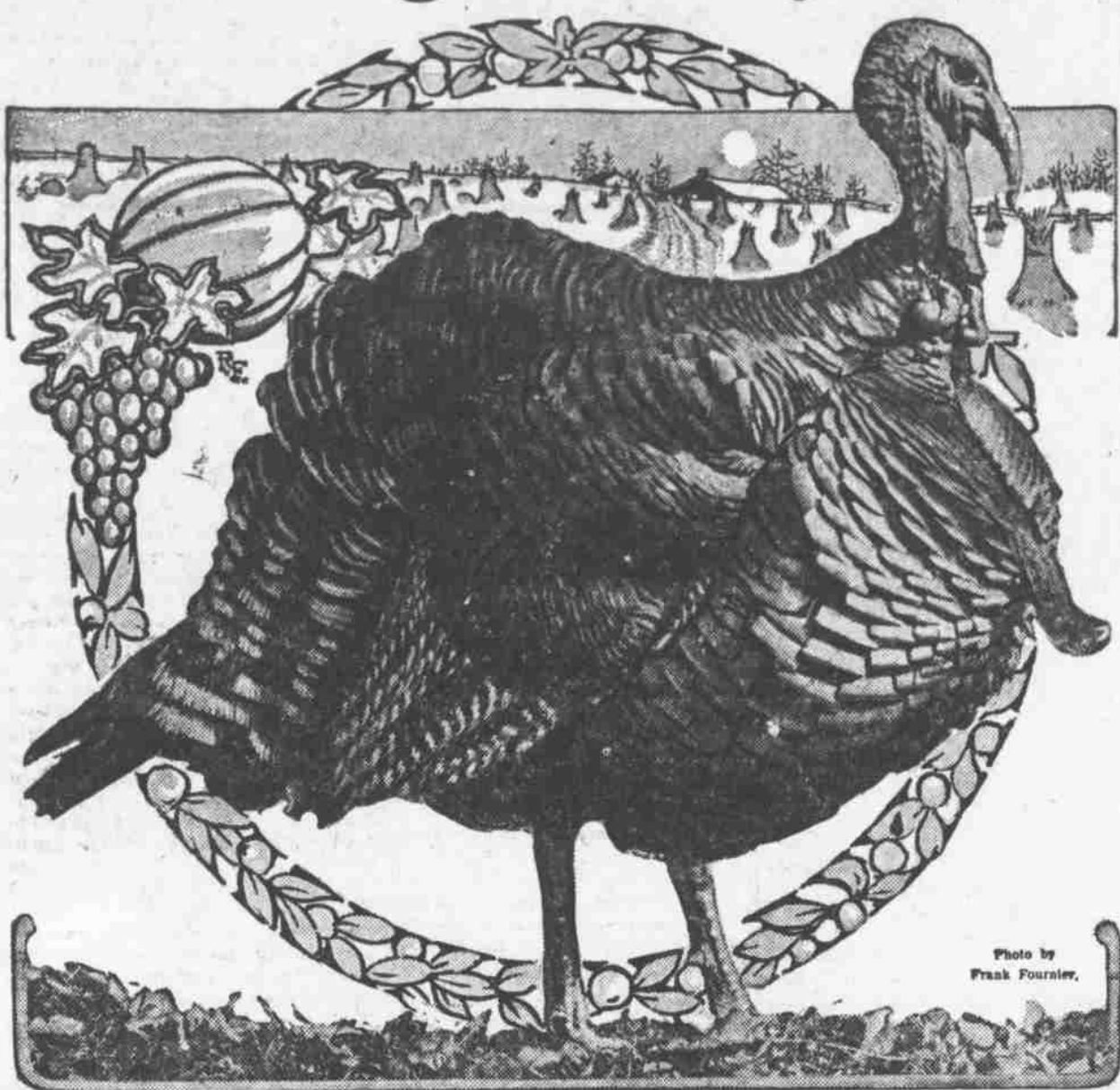


Photo by Frank Fourrier.

For Thanksgiving is the day and the turkey is the viand that are peculiarly American. The eagle may appeal to our hearts, but who would swap the Thanksgiving turkey when it is a question of the rest of his body?

An Automobile Thanksgiving

By Kate Upson Clark

"HATE 'em!" good old Deacon Phipps was in the habit of saying, whenever he saw an automobile. From the first moment the new invention appeared, scaring his steady old horses almost to death, and breaking up one of his best farm wagons, Deacon Phipps had no patience with any kind of a motor vehicle.

As time went on, and many of his neighbors bought automobiles, his horses became wonted to them and turned never a hair when they whizzed by; but the good deacon did not relent. Whenever one passed him on the road, throwing, perhaps, a shower of dust or mud upon his modest carriage, and leaving behind it a trail of ill-odor, he would mutter (under his breath) words which no good deacon should ever use.

The deacon and his wife grew old, and their six children all married, excepting Rhoda, the youngest, who stayed at home to take care of them. The four sons were prosperous, and the older daughter had married a very rich man and lived one hundred or more miles away. Two sons had become farmers and lived quite near. One was a merchant in a large town perhaps fifty miles distant. The fourth one was a minister, settled in the same town with the merchant brother. To the infinite disgust of Deacon Phipps, all of these sons, excepting the minister, owned automobiles, and Rhoda, the youngest, actually sported three or four. When his father found this out, he came almost to the point of breaking off relations with Thomas.

In the old days, the family had used to gather on the day before Thanksgiving, and the large, airy chambers of the ample Phipps homestead could accommodate them all. Now the children and the grandchildren had increased in number until such gatherings were no longer possible. The uncles and aunts had died or had become infirm. There had been some pretty lonely Thanksgivings at the hospitable Phipps farm.

It was during the week before the great day that Deacon Phipps was sitting before the open fire in his big, comfortable sitting-room, and pondering over this melancholy fact. "Taint right," he grumbled to his gentle wife, who sat knitting beside him. "Taint right to have families scattered so at Thanksgiving. I wish we could get our folks all together. Susan, just once more. Here you are! I am vergin' onto eighty, an' we hadn't had our folks all together, for goin' on ten year now. Here's this great house, dinin' room fit to seat thirty, an' this room to spill over into for as many more, and countin' Sister Judy an' Brother Ben, an' the sister an' brother we've got left, bless 'em!—except Betty, an' she's tied to the house by her broken hip, an' always will be, it's likely—all put together they only count up forty-one, but we can't get 'em together."

"Well," he mused on, "we'll try to get a dozen or so of 'em an' call it a family party, but you an' I an' Rhody, an' the help are strong an' hearty, an' could take care of 'em all, if they would only come. But I don't see any way."

"No, there isn't any way," sighed his good wife, "but you hadn't oughter complain, Silas. You've got a sight o' blessin's, an' we'd oughter think o' those we've got an' not hanker after those we can't have." Which was good doctrine, though it could not quite stop the deacon's grumbling.

Miss Rhoda Phipps was quite equal to the task of taking care of the old people. A strong woman helped her in the kitchen, and there were neighbors near by who were ready to do extra work. Job, the good middle-aged man who had taken care of the horses for many a year, was no mean hand at household as well as stable service, and at this special Thanksgiving season Miss Rhoda kept them all busy until the pantries were piled thick with dainties. Mrs. Phipps thought that there was too much food prepared.

"Why, Rhoda, what do we want with twenty apple pies and six turkeys and ten chicken pies and a gallon of cranberry sauce?" she cried. "We never in the world can eat them up before they spoil! As near as I can make out there are only about ten coming, anyway."

But Miss Rhoda said she "would risk it," and laughed her mother back to her post beside the fire.

By ten o'clock Thanksgiving morning the whole farmhouse was in a speckless order. Aunt Judy and Uncle Ben had promised to come early, and so had son John and his family. Deacon Phipps was restlessly peering up the road, long before the proper time, and Mrs. Phipps was almost as impatient as he.

Presently over the brow of the hill came a great touring car. The deacon



Deacon Phipps Was Restlessly Peering Up the Road.

scowled, but as he heard, first the sweet Gabriel horn, and then the rough roar of the Klaxon, his face relaxed a little. "Who were in the car? It was not the family of son John. Surely it was Thomas and his minister brother, with several members of their families, and Mrs. Phipps fairly cried with joy as she saw them.

"There is another load just behind us," they shouted, as they drew up before the door.

"Another load!" There were half a dozen loads before the final toll was taken and when two strong, big Phipps sons lifted out from one of the cushioned limousines poor, lame old Aunt Betty, who could not have dreamed of coming in anything except such a softly padded vehicle, the tears were dropping all over Mother Phipps' best white lace jabot.

Such a Thanksgiving! Every single one of the Phipps children and grandchildren was there! The good deacon's voice trembled with joy as he asked the blessing, and poured out his thanks before God.

"But you know, father," said Thomas Phipps, slyly, "there are several of us who couldn't possibly have come if it hadn't been for those automobiles that you hate so."

The deacon abashed, and bristled a little, but in the face of the loud merriment which greeted this perfectly true reminder, his few rather growling remarks could not be heard.

"You know there really isn't much danger from automobiles nowadays, father," proceeded Thomas Phipps diplomatically. "The chauffeurs are better taught than they used to be, the machines can be stopped more easily—oh, in every way they are improved."

"Improved!" shouted the deacon, unable to restrain himself longer. "You can't pick up a paper without reading about some shockin' accident through carelessly driven automobiles. Improved! They can't be improved. They are inventions of the evil one himself. You can't tell me! I read the papers."

"Wait a minute, father!" laughed Thomas, amid the eager looks of all the others, who were evidently full of suppressed excitement. "We—well—we—feel as though we all wanted to see more of you and mother than we have seen lately, but we don't feel safe to have you traveling around on the cars any more, and your horses can't take you as far as most of us live, so we have clubbed together and have bought you the strongest and handsomest limousine car that we could find. We have put a sum at interest in the bank to pay for the keeping of it, and we have had Job taught how to run it. You know he has been away a good many afternoons. Well, he has been learning how to run a car. You can trust him, and now you and mother can heat a bit of soapstone and climb into your limousine and come and see us all, and we expect you to do it. Now what do you say to that, father?"

What could the old man say? He turned red, stammered, looked at his wife, who was smiling significantly, and then had the grace to accept and thank his children for their munificent gift.

All of Deacon Phipps' neighbors laugh a little when they see him riding by in his splendid automobile. But they are wise enough to sober up when they catch his eye.

TRACED TO ENGLISH CUSTOM

Another Account of the Origin of Thanksgiving Day, as It Is Now Celebrated.

Thanksgiving day, as we know it, had its origin in the custom of kings of England in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to proclaim a day of national thanksgiving for some great victory or some other blessing of heaven.

The first American Thanksgiving day was July 20, 1775. The second was Friday, May 17, 1776. The third was December 11, also in 1776, which thus had two Thanksgivings. Washington issued his first Thanksgiving proclamation to his army, from Valley Forge, in 1777. In those days the date was prescribed by a committee of the continental congress. In 1778 the chaplains of congress drew up the proclamation.

There were no national Thanksgiving days from the presidency of Madison to that of Lincoln, but Thanksgiving day had been an institution in New England since the middle of the seventeenth century and quite eclipse Christmas. Governor Jay tried unsuccessfully to establish it in New York, and Governor Clinton succeeded. In the western states that were settled by New Englanders the day became an annual feast.

It was through the persistent efforts of Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale, a New Hampshire widow living in Philadelphia and editing the Ladies' Magazine and Godey's Lady Book, that the day became national, if not in law at least in practice. For twenty years she carried on the agitation; President Lincoln yielded to her and set the precedent of proclaiming the last Thursday in November as Thanksgiving day.—Exchange.

Steady Custom. "Anything for Thanksgiving?" said a masquerading ragamuffin to the proprietor of a bakeshop.

"Not a thing for me, I guess, but you better buy a cake for your folks."

"Yes, but I always looks in the window to see the time going to school."

Ways and Means of Thanksgiving

THANKSGIVING in the language from which it is derived really means thought giving, and that reminds me of the lines, "There is nothing, good or bad, But thinking makes it so."

If we are not thankful it is our own fault. There are few of us whom fortune has so abused, but on this one day of the year we cannot find something to be thankful about—if we but think. We can at least be thankful for the free blessing of light, the blue sky so clear and deep in the November days, the sunshine that brightens the earth and the life that runs in our veins.

There are few of us too, so poor we cannot give a thought of gratitude for other blessings we have. There are few of us so placed in life that we cannot help someone else to be thankful if we try.

From the first Thanksgiving day when Governor Bradford sent men to bring in wild turkeys for the feast in honor of the first harvest in Plymouth, there has been a general opinion that this is a harvest festival and so it becomes a home festival. That is one of the blessings of the day to mothers and fathers. They can give thanks in truth when they see their children and grandchildren around them. It ought to be in the minds of sons and daughters, a pleasant duty, to pay especial attention to their parents on this day. If they cannot be at home they can at least send a letter or a telegram of greeting to the "home folks."

The thought of Thanksgiving being a home festival sometimes is a stumbling block in the minds of men and women, who have either no home ties or are prevented by circumstances from being in their own home circle or from joining the circle of their friends. So they shrug their mental shoulders and say to themselves, Why should I be thankful? No one cares. Something like that was the first thought of a young woman, alone in a large city, making her own way in the world. Her second thought was better. She reasoned: "If I am alone here with no one to give me a Thanksgiving dinner, there must be a great many others in the same position, and maybe some who cannot buy even a good dinner."

"If I'm going to show any gratitude for the blessings of health and strength and courage, I'll look out for someone else." She did so, by going to the superintendent of a new home for relatives or friends in the city who should be her guests at a Thanksgiving dinner. The superintendent entered heartily into the plan. On Thanksgiving day she made these boys her real guests (not charity guests), in every sense. There was a turkey dinner with all the "fixings," and there were tickets to a matinee in the afternoon. But best of all, she became acquainted with them to such a degree that these boys looked upon her as a friend and showed in different ways later how much they appreciated the Thanksgiving treat.

A SCHOOL teacher way out on the Pacific coast felt as if she were in exile. She had no friends or relatives within two thousand miles. At first she did not look forward with any pleasure to the first Thanksgiving day to be spent among strangers. But it is her disposition to make the most of life. If she cannot have what she likes she looks for something to like in what she has. She decided to give someone a good Thanksgiving dinner. It was out of the question for her to entertain anyone and the idea of just sending a basket to a worthy family did not seem to be sufficient.

She wanted a personal touch somehow. She consulted with a woman, who, while not a social worker, knew the city and the needs of many a family. Through this woman she found a widow with two sons who was just about ready to give up the struggle and break up her home. She had been sick, was discouraged and lonely and was losing spirit and energy. The school teacher took in the situation with keen sympathy. A basket of groceries, a chicken, vegetables and fruit made a Thanksgiving dinner possible. She had a dinner that more than fed the bodies of the mother and children. It put new courage into them.

The school teacher forgot her own loneliness in being thankful she could lend a hand to a less fortunate sister. The mother shouldered her responsibilities with new courage which never flagged until finally a neat and comfortable home for herself and her children was the result.

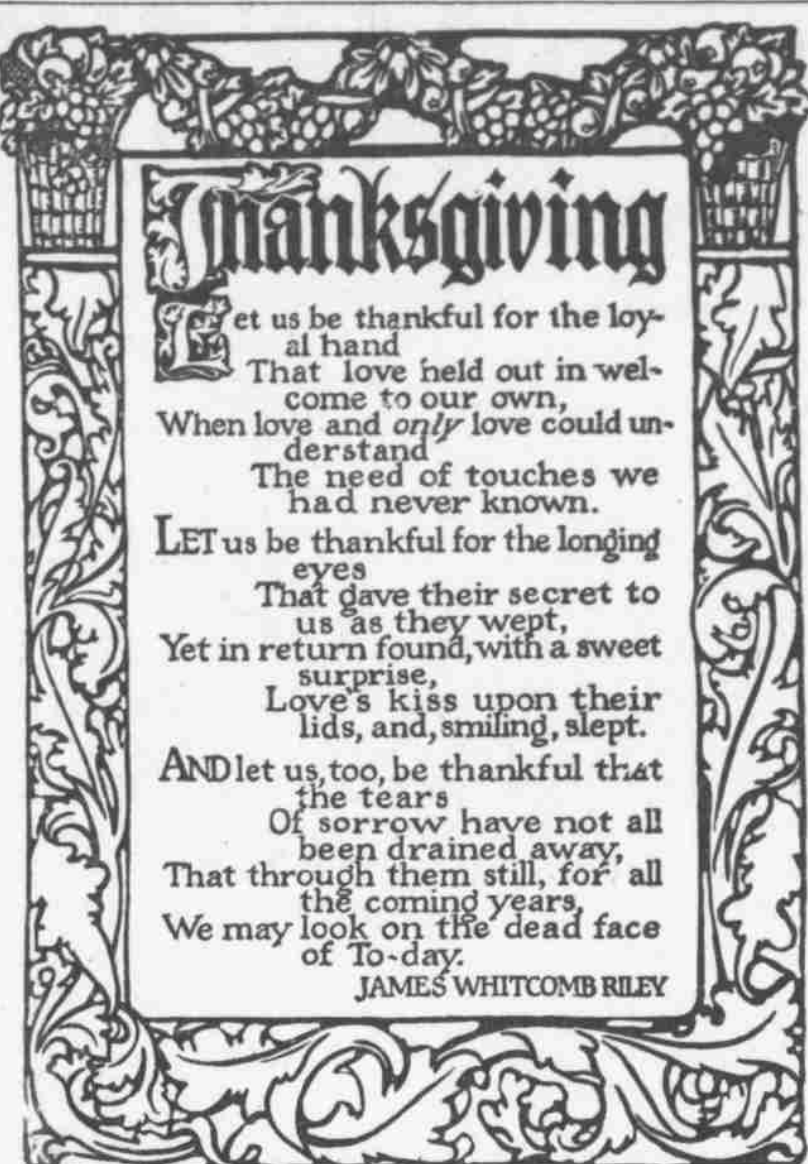
It pays sometimes to replace "For what I am about to receive make me truly thankful" by another prayer: "For what I am about to give make me truly thankful."

Thankful for Past Blessings. In considering things to be thankful for so few of us lay claim on the past. This is a serious fault of human nature, and it is the special bane of "growing old"—the fact that we can't have and do the things we used to have and do. This is pure greediness. Why not know when we have had enough? Let me have the joy of recording that I do. Let me hasten to proclaim that I have lived a full life—and just let me ask again that, if I should die today (though I'm far from wishing to do so) you will "carve on the marble slab at my head" the unconventional epitaph: "She had a good time."—Exchange.

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SHOW KINDNESS WHILE YOU MAY

Expressions of Gratitude Timely Made Denote Proper Feeling of Thankfulness in the Heart.

IF far down in your heart you are thankful about anything, will you show the kindness to everybody connected with you and to your own personality by giving an honest, sincere expression of your gratitude? The man who dies with all the thank-you's in him is as deserving of pity as the one who stifles all the music. Don't be afraid to say "Thank you," and say it loud.

I HAVE in mind a family that allowed the mother of the large circle to wear herself out with unceasing work. She worked so long and hard that she never had time for considering a rest. The members of her family regarded mother's work as a habit. They accepted her working and never thought that she needed relaxation or a change



from the monotonous grind of keeping a home. They added to her burdens by bringing others home with them. Mother smiled and worked a little harder. Then one day mother did not come down to make the fire and prepare the breakfast. She had closed her eyes and they were so tired that she never opened them.

I wish you could have heard the belated gratitude at the funeral. I wish you could have seen the consternation and despair when the children and father looked at each other and said: "What are we going to do without her?" They were filled with regret. The ears could not hear the thanks that they poured out. They should have shown their gratitude every day of the year and in time. Look over your own life. Are you speaking and acting in time?

YOU are living in a great country and are indeed fortunate in having freedom, the right to think and to act, opportunity, countless chances to forge to the top if you have it in you. You have libraries, playgrounds, schools. You have your mind, your dear, sympathetic souls in relatives or friends and the ideals which are necessary to any human being's happiness. Do you fully appreciate the good fortune that cast your lot over here? Are you taking the trouble to express your thanks every one in a while? You ought to do this. It is good to get it out of your system.

HAVE you health? Be thankful in the right way. Do not throw to the winds of indiscretion your precious heritage. Do not insult your good health by eating, drinking, breathing the wrong things. Cut out dissipation and lead a sane, balanced, clean, normal life. Prize that good health. Sometimes it leaves in high dudgeon and never returns. And all the politicking and nursing may not bring back to you that which should be appreciated every hour of the day. The way to thank your good health is to be kind to it.

MENTIONED it's a minute ago. Have your ideals suffered from disuse? Where are your ideals? Are they stowed away in camphor to be

Age is not all decay; it is the ripening, the swelling, of the fresh life within, that withers and bursts the husk.—George Macdonald.

OHIO COURT BREAKS ALL SPEED RECORDS

Pickaway County Common Pleas Tribunal Disposes of Damage Suit Within Six Hours After It Is Filed.

Columbus.—All speed records for disposing of litigation in Ohio were broken in the Pickaway county common pleas court Tuesday when within six hours after a suit for damages had been filed a verdict was rendered and the damages paid in full. The suit was to recover damages for injuries sustained by Charles H. Johnson in a wreck on the B. & O. at Orient in August. The jury gave a verdict of \$4,500, which the company paid at once.

Schools to Have Banks. Alliance.—Alliance public schools will introduce a system of savings banks whereby small deposits may be made by children.

Negro Attacks Women. Springfield.—Mrs. Louise Wilkinson of Chagrin Falls and Mrs. Abbie Devenney of Cincinnati, residents of the Masonic home, were assaulted by an unknown negro near the institution as they were strolling about the grounds. They were struck over the head by a revolver. A posse was formed, but no trace of the man could be found.

No Joy for Murphy. Columbus.—William Murphy got no joy out of being released from the penitentiary on parole Thursday. He immediately started on a trip to the Illinois state prison at Joliet and his traveling companion was an armed guard.

Will Receive Medal. Columbus.—Arnett Rose of Algier, Allen county, the winner of the corn boys' state contest in 1913 and 1914, will be presented a bronze medal, awarded by the Panama exposition officials, which was received by Gov. Willis Thursday. The chief executive will make the presentation.

Killed Crossing Tracks. Marion.—When attempting to cross the Hocking Valley tracks here in front of a passenger train, W. B. Shipman, aged 40 and married, was killed. He was driver of a meat wagon.

Shaken Up in Wreck. Sandusky.—Ninety-two persons were given a severe shaking up when three coaches of a Baltimore & Ohio passenger train left the rails at Monroeville, nine miles southeast of this city.

Killed in Rabbit Hunt. Mansfield.—Harry Burnett, aged 38 years, was chasing rabbits near here Tuesday. He tried to cross the railroad tracks in front of a train but stumbled, the train cutting off his head. He leaves eight children.

Close Big Akron Realty Deal. Akron.—A \$100,000 real estate deal was closed here Monday when the National Blank Book & Supply Co. acquired the four-story M. O'Neill building at 33-35 N. Main-st. The company consolidated with the Wade Printing Co. here Oct. 1, the merger going under the former's name.

Denies 15 Escape Hospital. Lima.—Dr. Charles H. Clark, superintendent of Lima State Hospital for the Criminal Insane, vigorously denied that 15 prisoners had escaped from the \$2,500,000 institution in the two months since it was opened, as reported by the state board of administration at Columbus.

Auto Bandits Beat Farmer. New London.—Four men in an automobile entered the home of Peter Tompkins, a well-to-do farmer, beat him unconscious and robbed him of a large sum of money. No trace of the robbers has been found.

Prostrated Over Shooting. Lorain.—Fred H. Kreig, South Amherst quartermaster, is in the hospital here suffering from nervous prostration as the result of accidentally shooting and killing John Rego, Jr., 12, while rabbit hunting.

Did Not Know He Was Elected. Tiffin.—Mayor-elect Rush Abbott, aged 60, died here Monday without knowing of his victory at the polls last Tuesday. Abbott was elected by the largest majority ever given a Republican mayor here.

Pay Rolls Increase. Youngstown.—Pay roll figures for the industrial plants of the city show a healthy gain for October over September. The total pay roll for October, as made up by the various banks, is \$2,722,223, a gain over September of \$102,837.

Fasts to Cure Himself. Youngstown.—Joseph A. Anderson, telegraph operator, has lived the past 34 days without food or nourishment of any kind passing his lips. He is now in a sanitarium where he is fasting under a physician's care. Anderson continued at his duties as telegraph operator for 24 days without touching food and finally became so weak he was compelled to quit work. He states he will continue his abstinence from food at least four days longer. He hopes to cure chronic stomach trouble by his long fast.

Auto Kills One, Hurts Two. Lorain.—Anna Kosa, aged 5 years, was instantly killed and Mary Kosa, seven, and Anna Majur, eight, were cut and bruised when an automobile driven by an unidentified woman ran them down at West View, near here.

Elect Dead Man Assessor. Steubenville.—When the county board of election supervisors made the official count of ballots cast at Tuesday's election it was discovered that John J. Hogan, 65, who died recently, was elected as a ward assessor.



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